

61

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The Three Bad Wives

Once there were two friends (just like you two [pointing to Ahmet Uysal and Warren S. Walker], by way of example). They had become friends in the army. After service they had returned home. They had exchanged addresses. After a lapse of considerable time, one came to visit the other. "Oh, friend," he said, "how are you? Are you well?"

"I am very well. I get along all right, but I have one problem. I have three wives."

"How on earth did you marry three wives? I can hardly cope with one. How do you manage with three?"

The host answered, "I married one wife who turned out to be a thief. I married a second who turned out to be a prostitute. I married a third, and she turned out to be a vicious woman. I am having a terrible time. Find a way to save me from them."

"All right. That is easy," the guest said.

They talked all that night, and in the morning they got up. The guest said, "Friend, I have to leave today, and I hope you will visit me some day."

"No," said the host, "you must bring your wife here to visit me before I visit you, and have her visit my wives. Only then will we all visit you."

"Isn't that strange?" exclaimed the guest. "I visited you alone, and you can bring your wives and let them become friends with mine."

"Well, if my wives will go, let them go with you now." He asked one

of the wives, "Will you go visiting?"

"Yes, I will," the wife said

"Will you go?" he asked the second.

"Yes," she answered.

"Will you go visiting?" he asked the third.

"Yes, I will," said she.

"All right," the guest said.

Along the route of their journey, they came to a river. The guest said to the three women, "You will have to cross the river on my back."

"All right. We shall go on your back," they said.

"But when you are on my back and look down at the river, you may get dizzy and fall and pull me with you, and we shall all drown."

"What shall we do, then?" asked the women.

"I shall tie your hands behind your backs, so you will not pull me down," he said. He had their hands tied behind their backs and one by one he carried them across. First he tied the hands of the thief and took her across and dropped her on the bank. Then he tied the hands of the prostitute and took her across and dropped her on the bank. Now it was the vicious wife's turn. He tied her hands, too, and halfway across the river, he dropped her into the water. When the other two saw her going down into the river, they ran away.

Some time later, the two friends met again. "What did you do with them?" asked the host.

"How can I explain, friend?" he said. "I threw the vicious woman into the water and let the others go free."

"Well," said the host, "you should have thrown the others in, too."

The guest replied, "The thief will eventually stop stealing; the

whore will also reform, but a vicious woman will never change her character. A slab in the morgue is the only cure for her. That is why I threw her into the water."

May God protect us all from the evil of women and of the devil as well.

[Ahmet Uysal: "Amin."]